THE SONG OF SOLOMON

GEORGE WINSLOW PIERCE

Class BS 1487

Book .P5

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THE SONG OF SOLOMON

THE SONG OF SONGS WHICH IS SOLOMON'S

VERSIFIED
BY
GEORGE WINSLOW PIERCE
OF
BOSTON
MASSACHUSETTS
U. S. A.

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.P5
1915

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PREFACE

IF the reader will look into unbounded space immortalized by Immanuel Kant for the drifting finite universe of Simon Newcomb and pick out of the hundred million star systems thereof the one Pierre Simon de Laplace distinguished by his attention he will find God's Earth on which in the northern half of the continent called America and Western and section marked United States on the map is a division spelled Massachusetts the principal city of which is known to its inhabitants and some outside and Eastern Continentals as Boston. Solomon, whose Song herein submits for us to metrical form, still lives and is respected in said Boston, your author's Apology and Excuse. Everything is forgiven in a great preacher, is what he tells Him answering, he has proved that language is but a mirror, of whatever date and manufacture. The Thought is His, unaltered, in every line. Good-by, GOOD-BY (HE WISHING, wishing he, COULD HEAR, could hear, FROM him, from HIM), with a welcome from both to their reader again. "'Would that My (Fri)en—(d) had written,'" "Would that my friend had written, another book!"

There are people, he knows, mostly gentle, who appear to regard the relation of the sexes as improper. Nevertheless we owe a great deal to it, including ourselves, and could not well do without any more than the flowers, which would all dry up and blow away and leave no growth and no beauty anywhere on the face of the earth. The Ancient Jews were not of this cult, but were lovers, and in their loves seem to have subserved the purpose of Nature and by that subservience to have bequeathed a speech among themselves (which a boy tells me to-day he speaks in Boston) and a living name, to their succesosrs.

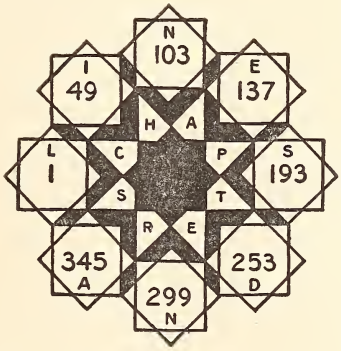
If a bachelor indeed might risk his judgment (which our Original *was not*) it is the abuses and not the uses of lovability that are at fault, improper, immodest, indecent, disgusting, and damnable, for instance,

the same as everything else that is good. It must be borne in mind also that love is one of the great human impulses (a form of worship, which is the greatest, fear being the other form; reverence, their union; awe, the same, fear predominating; devotion, love predominating; jealousy, love and hate; horror, fear and, the hate predominating, making sick; terror, fear predominating, making us mad; wrath, the reaction from our sense of right, when *we* are; rage, the same, when we are wrong; calf-love, immature; doting, senile; heat, natural; lust, exaggerated; prurience, repressed; concupiscence, general; infatuation, particular; prudery, dis; coquetry, simulated; etc. — self-projecting, exhaustive Passions, all of which, pretty much, your informant has suffered. Write down, love *is* a form of worship), perfectly and naturally depicted herein. The taste, the fashion, the fad, the fancy, of it may be changing; but the thing ITSELF will continue to be when we no longer cast the shadow of our opinion, valueless perhaps to other times and places, as that of other times to us in Boston, upon, above, around, and over, to conceal, how vainly! some part of it.

300,000,000 copies of the Bible having been distributed during the past century—Century Magazine for July, 1904, p. 433—and the Distribution still going on, and The Song being of the sixty-six books the least appreciated (*Let thy banner over us be love*—chapter ii, 4, the only word ever borrowed, although *Look not upon me because I am black*—chapter i, 6, would make a good enough text), this attempt to show the real power and splendor in places and sincerity and truth everywhere of the same (Or ever I was ware My Soul shone on me there—chapter vi, 12) may be forgiven, and its reprinting, while it may fall short of the third hundred of millions, not be expressible with —000,000,000—all zeros.

The explanations at the head of the chapters of the Allegorical Propriety of the text have not yet been versified by (and there being no mention of God in the Song, the beginning with capital letters of the appelatives and the pronouns chosen for either of the two lovers by the other, has seemed equally excusable to)

THE AUTHOR.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1

A Song of Songs I sing,

2

The kisses of My King

3

Whose breath the virgins love,

4

Perfumèd wine above.

5

Invite me! We will run

6

For joy to Solomon.

7

Within His chambers sweet

8

The King has set my feet!

9

In whom with heart and voice

10

The upright maids rejoice.

11

Though Judah's daughters sigh

12

A comely black am I

13

As Kingward curtains are

14

And tents of wild Kedar.

15

Regard me not; the sun

16

Hath all my beauty won:

17

My mother's sons were hard;

18

They made me keep the yard

19

Who could not keep my own,

20

With blossoms overblown.

21

Tell me, my Dearest Love,

22

Dost feed below, above?

23

And where at noon doth rest

24

Of neighbors' flocks The Best?

25

Knowest thou not, So Fair?

26

To pastures fresh repair

27

And raise Thy beauteous lids

28

Beside the shepherds' kids.

29

My Love beyond compare,

30

Than Pharaoh's chariots fair,

31

With jewelled cheeks behold,

32

With chains of brightened gold

33

And studs of silvern sheen

34

Old-golden bands between!

35

The King is at His meat;

36

My spikenard savoreth sweet.

37

A bunch of myrrh to me

38

My Well-Belov'd shall be

39

And lie the livelong night

40

Betwixt my breasts aright.

41

Like cypress clusters He

42

Mid vines of Engedi.

43

So fair, Companion-Heart,

44

With eyes like doves' Thou art!

45

Our Best-Belovèd Queen

46

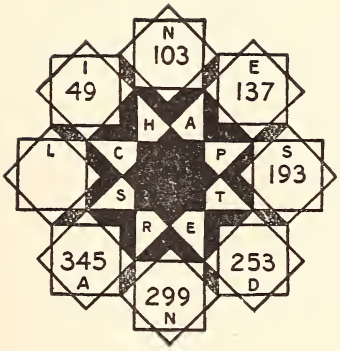
Whose bed is living green

47

With cedar beams and fir

48

Unhewn o'erarching Her.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49

The Rose of Sharon I,

50

And with the lily vie.

51

The lily among thorns

52

My Love the field adorns.

53

An apple in the wood

54

Among the trees He stood.

55

I nestled at His feet;

56

His fruit indeed was sweet.

57

His banner o'er my head,

58

His love the banquet spread.

59

Stay me! With flagons stay!

60

With apples tempt to-day!

61

Of love so long bereft

62

Am sick at last; His left

63

Beneath my nape is placed,

64

His right around my waist.

65

Ye Judah's daughters nigh,

66

By all that love and lie,

The roes, the hinds afield,

68

Stir not, to day revealed,

69

Nor wake Him till He rise

70

With wholly opened eyes.

71

His voice! at last His voice

72

Doth on the mount rejoice!

73

As skipping o'er the hills

74

The hart with morning thrills.

75

Behind the wall He stands;

76

The lattice feels His hands.

77

He spake again to me;

78

Arise, My Fair, be free!

79

The winter now is past;

80

The rain is o'er at last.

81

The flowers are up; the birds

82

Are singing truly words.

83

The turtle wooes the day:

84

Awake! arise! away!

85

The figs are green again,

86

And vines to waiting men

87

Give out a goodly smell;

88

Arise, My Care, and dwell

89

In secret haunts above

90

And clefts of brooding love

91

Where I can see and hear

92

Thy voice and features dear.

93

The foxes drive afar

94

That come our grapes to mar!

'95

My Well-Belov'd is mine;

96

For Him alone I pine.

97

Among the lilies He

98

Doth feed until we see

99

The shadows flee away;

100

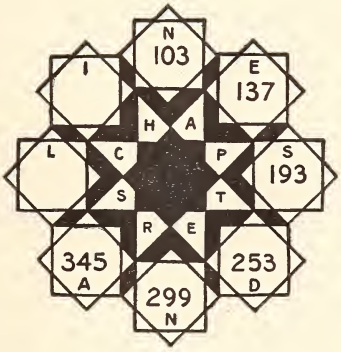
Return, My Love, to stay

101

On Bēther's mount apart,

102

My Roe and Tender Hart!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103

By night upon my bed

104

I found Him not; I said

105

Along the city street

106

I'll seek My Dear, My Sweet.

107

I sought but could not find;

108

The watch were hardly kind

109

Of whom I asked again,

110

Saw ye My Best of Men?

111

A little farther quest,

112

I drew My Roving Guest

113

Within her chamber nigher

114

Where Mother held my sire.

115

Ye Judah's daughters nigh,

116

By all that love and lie,

117

The roes, the hinds afield,

118

Stir not, to day revealed,

119

Nor wake Him till He rise

120

With wholly opened eyes.

121

Who cometh from the woods

122

Like choice perfumèd goods?

123

Behold His bed, a score

124

Beside, behind, before,

125

With swords experienced quite

126

Prepared to ward the night.

127

The King with joiners' aid

128

A cedar throne hath made

129

With silver pillars high,

130

With gold and purple die,

131

The centre paved with love

132

For every loyal dove

133

Who forth from Zion down

134

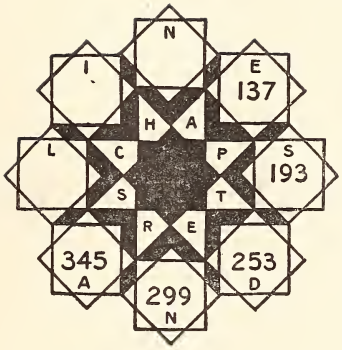
Doth meet the royal crown

135

Bath-sheba placed upon

136

Her Saved, Espousèd Son!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137

How art Thou fair, My Love,

138

With eyes like Gilead's dove!

139

Against Thy curling hair

140

A flock of goats compare.

141

Like sheep Thy even shorn,

142

Well washed, twin teeth adorn

143

Thy lips of scarlet thread,

144

Their words how sweetly said!

145

The temple 'twixt Thy locks

146

A pomegranate mocks!

147

Thy neck like David's tower

148

Which hanging shields empower!

149

Thy breasts how like the roes

150

Twinned where the lily grows!

151

Till morning sleeping pressed,

152

Who wert my waking quest,

153

I'll own Thee fair to see

154

And find no spot in Thee.

155

From Lebanon, My Fair,

156

From Amana repair,

157

From Shenir's, Hermon's, peak

158

Where lions, leopards, seek

159

Their tamely yielding prey

160

Come Thou, My Spouse, away

161

Who bear'st my ravished heart

162

Soeverwhere Thou art,

163

Pierced with Thy single eye,

164

Hung on Thy necklace high.

165

My Sister-Spouse, how fair

166

Thy love than wine's despair!

167

Thy sweeter ointments quell

168

All other spices' smell.

169

Thy lips with honey pout,

170

With milk my tongue's in doubt.

171

And all Thy raiment tells

172

Of mountain cedar fells.

173

My Garden Closed, My Spoused,

174

My Spring, My Fountain Housed,

175

Thy plants are like the fruits

176

Of pomegranate shoots.

177

Camphire and spikenard vie,

178

Saffron and calami,

179

With trees of frankincense,

180

With spices most intense,

181

With cinnamon, with myrrh;—

182

And all in vain with Her,

183

A garden watered well

184

From Liban's mountain dell.

185

Awake, ye winds, arise

186

From southern, northern skies,

187

Descend upon my yard

188

Again till twice as hard

189

Its spicy burden plays

190

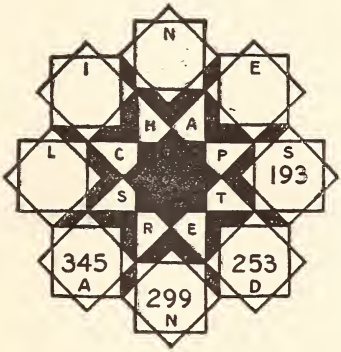
Where My Beloved stays,

191

And woo Him quickly here,

192

To taste delight and cheer!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I come, my Sister Spoused,

194

Into my garden housed,

195

To gather myrrh and spice

196

And taste My Honey twice,

197

To drink my milk, my wine,

198

With friends whose joys are mine.

199

In sleep my heart awakes,

200

My Love the portal shakes;

201

Open, My Dear, He cries,

202

My Undefilèd Prize,

203

To Thine Elect that knocks

With dew-beads on His locks.

205

I have removed my dress;

206

Shall I approach in less?

207

I have refreshed my feet;

208

Must I their soil repeat?

209

My Well-Belov'd did stand

210

Beside the gate, His hand

211

Within its entering hole,

212

Possess my heart and soul;

213

I rose to open wide,

214

My hands with myrrh undried

215

Were on the handle set,

216

With myrrh the lock was wet;

217

I opened wide apart—

218

My Love was gone, My Heart;

219

I sought, I called, I stayed,

220

I wandered, lost, afraid;

The watch have dragged to gaol;

222

The keepers, torn my veil.

223

Ye Judah's daughters, when

224

Ye find my Best of Men

225

Below, beside, above,

226

Say I am sick of love!

227

O Fairest Sister, when

228

Was love so scant of men

229

Belovèd that thy plight

230

Disturbs our day and night?

231

My Love is white and red,

232

Of all mankind The Head;

233

His brow no grace doth lack,

234

His locks are curlèd black;

235

His eyes like eyes of doves

236

By springs attending loves

237

Are washed with milk and set

238

In sockets glistening yet;

239

His cheeks are spiced like flowers,

240

His lips with myrrh for ours;

241

And beryl ringed with gold

242

His wrists and fingers hold;

243

His belly ivory-bright

244

With sapphires o'er its white;

245

His legs of marble fine

246

In golden feet align;

247

His face is like the mount

248

Whose cedars none doth count;

249

His mouth withal is sweet;

250

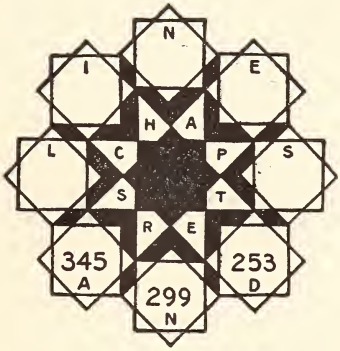
Himself, from head to feet.

251

To me this Seemly Friend

252

Ye Judah's daughters, send!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Whither, O Fondest Fair,

254

Hath He departed? where

255

Can His diversion be,

256

That we may seek with Thee?

257

My Love hath sought His bed

258

Of spices, garden-fed,

259

To garner lilies fine:

260

Am His and He is mine.

261

As Tirzah fair art Thou,

262

Nor Salem shames Thy brow

263

Terrific as the host

264

Our Israel's banners boast.

265

Thy vision turn away,

Too bright for mine to-day;

267

Thy hair like Gilead's goats—

268

His own the author quotes

From former Chapter Four

270

Two following verses more.

271

Mid threescore queens She shines

272

O'er fourscore concubines,

273

Virgins to shade the sun;

274

My Love is only one,

275

My Dove the Undefiled,

276

Her mother's lonely child,

277

Her mother's only choice

278

Whom all with heart and voice

279

The daughters saw and blessed,

280

The concubines confessed.

281

The queens proclaimed Her charms,

282

The morning framed Her arms.

283

The moon approached Her face

284

The sun could scarce replace,

285

Terrific as the host

286

Our Israel's banners boast.

287

Within the garden bright

288

Of nuts I found delight,

289

The pomegranates fine,

290

The cultivated vine.

291

Or ever I was ware

292

My Soul shone on me there

293

Like chariots of fire

294

Propelled by Nahshon's sire.

295

O Shulam, Shulamite,

296

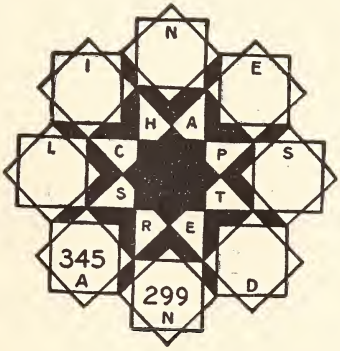
Return to mortal sight,

297

In whom we trembling see

298

Two armèd hosts agree!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How beauteous are Thy feet,

300

My Prince's Daughter Sweet!

301

Like gems Thy jointed thighs,

302

Their cunning workman's prize!

303

Thy navel's like a bowl

304

Which roundeth liquors whole.

305

Thy belly symbols wheat

306

Upon its harvest seat.

307

Thy breasts like bounding roes

308

Twinned where the lily grows.

309

Thy neck an ivory tower,

310

And eyes like Heshbon's power

311

Of fishpools by the shore

312

Of Bath-rabbim, and more.

313

Thy nose like Liban's height

314

Which views Damascus, white.

315

Thy head like Carmel fair,

316

Thy locks a purple snare

317

Where Love hath caught The King

318

And caught hath taught to sing!

319

How fair, My Love, how fair

320

Thy clustered bounties are!

321

Thou standest like a palm,

322

Thy breasts and either arm

323

Inviting fingers bold

324

To gain a doubled hold.

325

Thy nose like apples smells,

326

Thy palate sampled tells

327

To neighbors of the vine

328

Of sweeter joys than wine,

329

Forbidding still to keep

330

Their secret even sleep.

331

Our loving thoughts combine;

332

Am His and He is Mine.

333

Come, Love, we will go down

334

From each adjoining town

335

To all the vineyards near

336

And watch the grapes appear,

337

The pomegranates bear;

338

And I'll reward Thee there

339

With mandrakes smelling sweet

340

At gates with gifts replete

341

Of pleasant fruits unsold

342

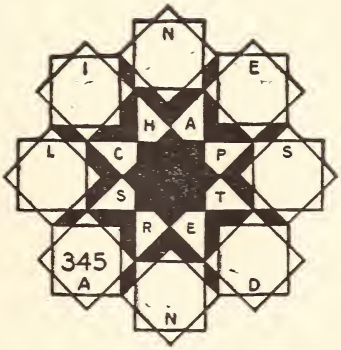
With names both new and old,

343

And other favors free

344

Which lovers pair to see.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Wert Thou a son confessed

346

That bared our mother's breast

347

Could I not meeting kiss

348

Without reproof for *this*?

349

Into her harbor lead,

350

Her skilled instruction heed,

351

My pomegranate wine

352

With choicest spice combine

353

To verses hardly new

354

(Chapters Three, Five, and Two)?

355

Who cometh from the wild

356

With her beloved ? Child,

357

Beneath an appled tree

358

Thy Welcome mothered Thee

359

When, hurried into air,

360

Her Hope became her Care.

361

Upon Thy bosom seal

362

My name, to none reveal;

363

For love than death is strong

364

Nor tamely suffers wrong,

365

Its coals are scorching hot

366

Which love endureth not.

367

The floods can never drown

368

True love in field, in town;

369

And chains of standard gold

370

Can neither clasp nor hold.

371

We have, our brood among,

372

A sister still so young

373

She hath no breasts at all;

374

When Love her name doth call

375

What can affection do

376

To build her over new?

377

Had she but been a wall,

378

With silver palace hall;

379

Had she been but a door,

380

With cedar boarded o'er!

381

A wall, a door, am I;

382

With breasts uprounding high

383

Our Singing King have taught

384

And, teaching singing, caught.

385

The King his vineyard let

386

In Baal-hamon set,

387

A thousand silver coins

388

From keepers each enjoins,

389

The fruit among to share

390

Of all the season there.

391

My vineyard for its wine

392

Doth bring a thousand, Thine;

393

And they that keep to sell

394

Two hundred each must tell.

395

Thou Garden-Dweller, all

396

Beside attend Thy call.

397

Make me to hear Thy voice

398

And in its praise rejoice.

399

Hasten, Beloved, near;

400

My Roe, My Hart, appear

401

Upon our spicy hill,

402

My pulse with joy to fill!

THE SONG OF SONGS
WHICH IS SOLOMON'S
PIERCE HAS VERSIFIED
(MONOGRAMMED AND DESIGNED)

From "The Life-Romance of An Algebraist," by the same author (of six other books and seven songs with portraits, *sheet music*).

"My design on the cover, with its regular lines and heart-like curves, symbolizes the flower of Love and Truth. The fruit developed at the centre (by continuing the lines) is a star, the emblem of Unchange."

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